

THE EVENING TIMES

FRANK A. MUNSEY

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1901.

President Roosevelt has tucked 1,600 more offices under the civil service blanket, and 1,000 people are now wishing they could crawl in, too.

It required approximately nine thousand copies of "The Commoner" to pay for Mr. Bryan's blooded helper.

They are making war in Vienna on the American shoe. Apparently they have found out where it pinches.

Mr. Vanderbilt is now realizing that sympathy is not just the same as success when it comes to horse shows.

The market is said to be overstocked with turkey. There is certainly no excuse for anybody's failing to give thanks this year.

Notwithstanding the fact that Boston is a Democratic city, the Republicans of that municipality have taken Hart and hope to win.

The President's message is certain to be dramatic, but it is not yet known which Congressmen and Senators will play the heavy roles.

There is a ghost in Woodcliff, New Jersey, that opens out like a telescope. This is the kind of ghost which theatrical companies would like to see walk.

People talk about our unparalleled national prosperity, but if Congress passes the Nicaragua Canal bill Uncle Sam will have to go to ditching.

The authorities of the Census Office are trying to arrange their filtration plant so that all the filtered people will be satisfied; but their job is not enviable.

Mr. Croker is at great pains to explain that he did not play golf on Sunday. As far as the country is concerned he can play golf, and talk it, too, all day Sunday if he wants to.

Coupled with the statement that Mr. Mansfield has corrected a "super" with the toe of his boot, the statement that he is not going to play Herod this season is somewhat of a relief.

A firm of discretionary brokers has just vanished from New York, together with a good many dollars of other people's money. This seems to be one of the cases in which discretion is the better part of speculation.

Inspectors seized several cartloads of watered milk in Paterson, New Jersey, the other day and tipped it out in the road. There is comfort in the fact that nobody could use Potomac water for that purpose without turning the milk brown.

The Noon Edition of the Times.
The noon edition of the Times is not an extra. It is a regular edition of the afternoon newspaper, and its price is one cent. Its object is to keep its readers in touch with what is going on in the world, and not compel them to wait twelve hours. It will print all the news that can be gathered after the morning papers go to press up to the time it is issued. It will be purely a newspaper, standing on its own merits, and the public should pay only the regular price for it.

An Abominable Evil.
It is about time that steps should be taken to suppress "mashers" in this city. They are the evillest things that walk the streets. Their number has multiplied enormously of late years. They have become so bold that no woman walking alone is sure of escaping their insults. They wear good clothes; they have an outward appearance of decency, and they presume on this to speak to any woman who attracts them.

These despicable "mashers" are to be always seen in certain places. They have driven ladies from Smithsonian Park. Things have come to a pass when a gentleman unattended will not go there because she knows that these fellows are likely to annoy her.

When the gallant General Washington and the suave L'Enfant planned this city, they intended that the Mall, as they called it, should be a courtly part of London's Rotten Row, which, by the way, is a corruption of Route du Roi—the King's Way. In part their plan has been carried out. The Smithsonian Park is a sort of Rotten Row.

It is a disgrace to the city that loafers should drive ladies out of this park. It is a shameful state of affairs that a woman may not stroll through the Mall or around the Monument without fear of being molested.

There is not anything bad enough for these mashers. Arrest and a fine is too feeble a punishment. They should be clubbed into behaving themselves.

When the daughters of Washington cannot go forth to enjoy the sunshine and the beauty of the city and be as safe from insult as in their own homes, it is time for drastic measures.

Washington's Claim.
As the nation's capital Washington has the right to demand the national monument to the late President. As a memorial to a practical man, whose greatest ambition was to do practical work for the good of his country, that memorial should take some practical form.

Every citizen of the United States has, as his birthright, a bond of association with Washington. Through his representative he sits for a great part of the year in her noble Capitol. Through his representative he lives in her historic White House. If, then, a national subscription be called for, its fittest resting place is Washington.

Washington makes no provincial claim, no alien claim upon the pockets of the people of Maine and California. Alone of the cities of the United States are we connected with every remotest village in the country. The eyes of eighty millions of people are constantly turned to Washington.

Here, then, should be placed whatever of memorial the people of the United States desire to raise to the men they are united in honoring. That memorial should be practical as representative of gratitude for practical good done the nation.

The influence for good of our great dead lives after them. Their lives are an object lesson, and their tombs a source of inspiration. In France the

youth of the nation are taught to look to the tomb of the great Napoleon for inspiration. That tomb rests under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, in the centre of the nation's capital. We, too, should have a great national God's acre, a great national sermon in stone. The time has come, in the days of our national mourning, when the people demand the initiation of the project.

The decision rests with the people, not with Congress. The memorial committee. The work done by our dead statesmen, generals, and law-makers was done unselfishly, not counting the cost of the labor. Shall we hesitate to subscribe the cost of a memorial which will carry down to posterity something of the good we have derived from the men of our own generation? The reply rests with the people.

PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT WASHINGTON PEOPLE.

Miss Kean, sister of Senator Kean, will give a dance in honor of Miss Alice Roosevelt on January 6.

Mrs. and Miss Tyler, of New York, are home guests of President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

General Sawtelle, U. S. A., with his wife and daughter, has returned from abroad and opened their house on N Street.

M. Strohlin, of Geneva, has lately been appointed an attaché of the Swiss Legation. Mr. Ploda, the Minister from Switzerland, entertained a company of gentlemen last night at the Metropolitan Club.

Miss Mary F. Shaughnessy and Mr. Columbus W. Thompson were married last night at 8 o'clock at Epiphany Chapel, south of the city. Mr. J. J. Thompson performed the ceremony in the presence of a small company of relatives and friends. A reception was held afterward at the home of the bride's mother, 338 Eleventh Street southwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Moore have leased the house of Mrs. D. P. Morgan on Scott Circle, but they will not occupy it until after Christmas.

Mr. Wanters, counselor of the Belgian Legation, entertained at a small luncheon yesterday at the New Willard. The Belgian Minister, Baron Moncheur, will go to New York tomorrow to meet Colonel Thys, of the Congo Free State, who will arrive Saturday on the Campania. Colonel Thys is a Belgian.

Miss Sands gave a small informal tea at her studio, on Seventeenth Street, yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Ridgley, wife of the Comptroller of the Currency, and daughter of Senator Cullom of Illinois, will return to her home in Washington this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Paterson left yesterday for a fortnight's visit to Philadelphia.

The first reception and dance of the Dumbarton Club will be given on Thanksgiving eve—November 27 instead of November 29, as originally planned.

Lieut. Col. Charles Morton, Eighth Cavalry, is in Washington on a thirty-day leave of absence en route from the Department of the Philippines to that of Cuba. Lieutenant Colonel Morton has been serving in Luzon under General Whelan.

Capt. E. P. Brewer, Seventh Cavalry, is at the Army and Navy Club spending a leave of absence. He is attached to the Department of Cuba. Major E. K. Webb, of the Cavalry, is at the same club while awaiting orders from the War Department.

Among the prominent callers at the Department of Justice yesterday was Abner McKinley, brother to the late President. Mr. McKinley arrived in Washington Tuesday night and left yesterday evening. He is the son of the late President, who was in Washington since attending the funeral of his brother.

Attorney Charles W. Barr and Mrs. Barr, who spent the summer months at their country home near Laurel, Md., have returned to the city and taken up their residence at 915 Thirteenth Street northwest.

The Misses Alice and Kate Matthews have returned from Chicago, where they were recipients of much social attention from a wide circle of relatives and old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, who are now at the Arlington, will leave Monday to attend the marriage of the latter's son, Mr. Dwight Wilcox, to Miss Lawson, which will take place next Wednesday in Cincinnati.

Mr. John McAtee has returned from his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Allen have given up their house near Thomas Circle and will spend the winter with the former's mother, Mrs. F. W. Allen, on M Street.

LONDON PRAISE FOR MR. HAY.

English Journals Commend His Chamber of Commerce Speech.
LONDON, Nov. 21.—The "Pall Mall Gazette," commenting today on Mr. Hay's speech at the New York Chamber of Commerce banquet, declares that his language was in the highest degree satisfactory and reassuring, especially his reference to the foreign policy of President Roosevelt.

For, to the people of the United States, who are inevitably destined to be the first industrial community of the world, as a memorial to a practical man, whose greatest ambition was to do practical work for the good of his country, that memorial should take some practical form.

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OUR NATIONAL LEGISLATORS.

Senator Henry Heitfeld of Idaho, big and bluff and genial, likes Washington. He has spent more of his time in this city since his election than probably any other Senator here during the last session of Congress. The Senator was asked whether or not there is any opposition to his re-election.

"Opposition?" drawled the Senator. "Well, I should say so. There isn't a man in Idaho but wants to be a Senator. That's what makes life worth living in the West."

Representative J. S. Williams of Mississippi, who is being most prominently mentioned for the minority leadership of the House, is a thin man, intensely nervous, and of indomitable will power. He is in a rasping, harsh voice. Quick at repartee and unflinching, Mr. Williams is recognized as one of the best debaters in Congress. He was graduated from the university in Germany where Emperor William matriculated. A member of a famous student corps, he fought hands with the rest of them. He is perhaps the best German scholar in the House. He is also strong in the classics.

Senator Bailey of Texas, who has shifted the scene of his endeavors from the south to the north wing of the big white building on the hill, has forsaken the black slouch headgear in which he was wont to deck himself and has taken on the modern bell-top silk chapeau. No longer will the tall, muscular expounder of constitutional law be seen in the Texas style. He hasn't worn a long ago when he was coming from the south. He is now wearing a silk hat. However, Mr. Bailey is a very astute person, keen of observation, and quick of perception, and he is a very astute person, keen of observation, and quick of perception, and he is a very astute person, keen of observation, and quick of perception.

With the inevitable pink carnation in the buttonhole of his coat, Representative Lousenslager of New Jersey stopped at the Capitol yesterday afternoon. He was twisting his sandy mustache nervously. Mr. Lousenslager surveyed the raised seats in the House of Representatives with a critical eye. "We're getting more theatrical than ever," he remarked. "I saw a three-foot elevation of the rear seats. It looks something like the days when we attended country dances and had to go up a ladder to reach the top seats. But as new members may occupy them, it will be that much less of the dizzy height for them to climb."

"Just wait until 'Uncle Joe' Cannon gets the bill for those mahogany walls and desks and tables in the Committee on Appropriations," said Representative Swanson of Virginia. "Uncle Joe" likes nice things, but he does object to seeing the Government's money spent on such things. He is a very practical man, and he is a very practical man, and he is a very practical man, and he is a very practical man.

Representative Swanson, after a campaign in the Old Dominion, is back prepared to do a hard session's work. He has gained somewhat in flesh, but cannot be said to be in the best of health. He is an advocate of free trade as ever, and hopes the tariff will be modified at this session.

By long odds the tallest man in the House of Representatives is Cyrus A. Sullivan, who represents the First Congressional district of New Hampshire. Mr. Sullivan is fully seven feet in height. The other members look like pygmies beside him. As chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, Mr. Sullivan will have charge of the bill that will be introduced at the opening of Congress to give Mrs. McKinley \$5,000 pension, the same amount as was granted to the late President's son, Mr. Grant. It is thought that Representative Grosvenor of Ohio will introduce the bill.

Mr. Sullivan arrived here last night. He is opposed to any general tariff legislation. In his opinion, the Republicans will let well enough alone.

The Reason Why.
(New York Times)
We will tell the "London Spectator" what it has omitted to tell its "Old Subscriber," namely, the reason why England will never concede to the Cape Colony the independence which it probably would grant to the Dominion of Canada, and which would be a great advantage to the Dominion of Canada.

So he asserted himself and went and tried to climb into the automobile. The machine picked him up and tossed him about as if he were a piece of paper. He was not a good climber, and for a space he was blank. When the Colt came to himself sufficiently to take an interest in the situation, he found himself hanging from a rope along the road at a quiet jog. There was a small boy on her back.

"Where are you going, Mother?" enquired the little boy.
"I am going to haul home that automobile which lies exhausted by the roadside. This is where the old-fashioned, plain, common horse comes in. It is the only good in this world is not having to work."

"You had better take care," said his Mother. "It is all very well to assert yourself, but that kind of assertion is sometimes disproved."

So the climbing horse, frantically out on the highway, proceeded to act like an automobile. He began at the beginning, and did all of the things which he had noticed the automobile do. He tried to climb a tree, but the branches did not seem to be the right shape. Then he attempted a fence, which was better, but he caught his front feet on the top of it and hung himself up in the air for a few minutes he resolved to practice leaping before repeating the feat.

Then he saw the automobile coming, and said to himself: "Here is an opportunity. I ought to be in there instead of out here. I will jump in and be comfortable."

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ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

What the Mule Said.
Is you heard o' dis Horse show dey talk so much about?
Hit my' be mo'n' I done fir' out:
Fir' de silks dey rustle an' de diamonds shine,
En de clawhammer coat waltz down de line,
But I ain' see no circus show
To 'count fir' dis fuss in de Quality Row.

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THE PLAYER FOLK.

Bertha Galland will be the National Theatre's attraction next week, with matinees Thanksgiving Day and Saturday. Miss Galland will present "The Forest Lovers," a stage version of Maurice Hewitt's novel of the same name, with which she inaugurated her starring venture at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, last month. The production of "The Forest Lovers" is on a scale of unusual magnificence, while the company that assists Miss Galland in her performance contains many capable players. The production has been given a good deal of favorable mention for her conscientious work in the principal role.

At the Columbia next week "Miss Bob White" will be presented by an organization that includes such well-known names as Ethel Jackson, Richard Carroll, Frank Dobson, and others prominent in light opera. "Miss Bob White" was originally given at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, by Nixon & Zimmerman last spring, and the theatregoing people of the Quaker City flocked to see the piece in such large numbers that the music of Willard Spencer was sung for over 100 times before the warm weather made it necessary to end the engagement.

The Lafayette Stock Company will receive "Pudd'nhead Wilson" next week, with Mr. Whitlesey, John T. Sullivan, Fred Sullivan, Francis Powers, Charles Wyndgate, Myron Lefingwell, Lillian LaFayette, and others. The company is made up of the best of the players of the Quaker City, and the production is expected to prove congenial.

Manager Chase will next week return to straight vaudeville, a form of entertainment his patrons evidently care more for than the musical comedies he has been presenting for the past month. Next week's programme will be headed by the Ten-John troupe of seven Japanese magicians, who will make their first appearance in this country here. There will be the Gainsborough Octette and numerous other attractive vaudeville acts.

"Lost River," Joseph Arthur's most recent drama will next week occupy the stage of the Academy. The company will be headed by Paul Gilmore, at one time a star, and last year a prominent member of Henrietta Crossman's support in "Mistress Nell." There are many sensational features in "Lost River," and it should be popular with the Academy's following. The usual Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday matinees will be given.

The Bijou's bill of vaudeville next week will be headed by Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, two very capable players, who will present their newest sketch, "The Morning After." There will be half a dozen other vaudeville "turns," and the big Bijou Stock Company will be seen in a burlesque specially devised by Dave Lewis and Bert Leslie, the principal comedians of the company.

The annual engagement of "The Bowery Burlesques" will commence at Kerman's Monday afternoon, with a matinee each day. This year's company is said to be superior in many respects to its predecessors, while the old part of the show has been arranged with especial care. The burlesque, "Blumming," is calculated to display the full company in songs, comedy situations, and the like.

John C. Fisher, one of the owners of "Florodora," witnessed last night's performance at the Columbia Theatre. Mr. Fisher has three "Florodora" companies, one located permanently at the New York Theatre, New York, another playing in New Orleans this week, and the organization at the Columbia. When asked if the music of Leslie Stuart appealed with the same force to the ears of every Florodora company as to Washington, Mr. Fisher said: "I saw the performance at New Orleans two nights ago, and the audience was equally enthusiastic. I am sure there does not seem to be any abatement in the interest in 'Florodora,' and we will be in the metropolis indefinitely."

It is a wonder that Alexandra Dagmar, who is singing herself into local popularity at the Bijou this week, knows where she was born. Her nationality has always been at the mercy of her managers, who have arranged to have her born wherever it was thought it would do the most good to the box office.

Years ago, when she was a very young girl, and was singing in a chorus in London, she called upon George Sanger, who was running Sanger's Theatre, Westminster Bridge Road. "Can you spare a part?" he asked her. "Of course I can," she replied. "Will you play 'Richard III' for me?" went on Mr. George.

"Just as soon play that as anything else," Miss Dagmar replied. "And I am to bill you as I please," he stipulated. "As you please," she acquiesced. But when the bills made their appearance she looked at them aghast. There in glaring type she read of herself: "First appearance in England of the great American actress, Miss Grant Washington."

It was the first time she had ever heard of herself as an American or as Miss Washington. The manager knew where she was from, and she was a native of Denmark, and Alexandra Dagmar is her name. She has been on the boards ever since she was a little girl, and she has had a wide experience in drama, pantomime, concert and vaudeville.

HEARD TALK OF REVOLT.
Traveler From Yukon Ascribes It to "Sonny" Smith's Old Gang.
VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 21.—That there are plotters at Skagway who would like to overthrow the Canadian rule in the Yukon is affirmed by C. D. Newton, a member of the Atlin Board of Trade, who arrived here today.

Speaking of the conspiracy alleged to have been hatched at Skagway, he said he had heard of it before leaving the North, but did not give serious attention to it. There are still a number of the old "Sonny" Smith gang in Skagway, and they have some sympathizers, but it is by no means considered that they are the dominant element there. It was this element which was at the bottom of the tag incident at Skagway, and it is these people who are endeavoring to hatch a conspiracy to overthrow Canadian rule.

It is absurd, however, to think that they would have anything like a following for should they ever attempt to rise in rebellion. Mr. Newton believes that the good American residents in the North would be among the first to suppress them.

Movements of Naval Vessels.
Repairs have been authorized on the monitor Terror at League Island. The Ajax has arrived at Malta. The Wilkes has sailed from Hankow for Nanking, and the Leyden from Newport to New York.

Every Day Stories of the Workings and Workers of the Departments.

Civil Service Commissioner Rodenberg is absent from the city on a brief visit to his home in Illinois. While away he will deliver at Trenton and Nashville, two Illinois towns, his lecture on "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars." The proceeds of the lecture will be given to the hospital and library funds of the respective towns. Those who have heard the lecture speak of it in high praise. It is full of poetry and sentiment.

The desire for service in the field, for participation in active campaigning, has been stimulated by the recent reports from the island of Samar. One of the latest officers to request orders for service in the archipelago is Capt. James G. Harbord, of the Eleventh Cavalry, who has been detailed to the city in the office of the Secretary of War.

In accordance with his own request, Captain Harbord has been detached, by direction of Secretary Root, and will leave here in time to join the Third Squadron of his regiment in New York City, to take passage thence to the Philippines.

A man who very seldom finds time for luncheon is Col. Cecil Clay, Chief Clerk of the Department of Justice. Colonel Clay arrives at the department shortly before 9, and very seldom leaves his desk until after 4 o'clock. At any time of the day he can be found a huge pile of official papers scattered over the colored desk. Colonel Clay is one of the crack shots of the United States, though he has but one arm, having lost the right one while serving in the civil war. His favorite game is musketry, and he levels his rifle to shoot something general.

Senator Matthew Quay was a caller at the Department of Justice yesterday afternoon. A Rudolf Boehmer, of Dresden, Germany, and William Maucher and Mrs. Maucher and Miss Maucher, of Berlin, Germany, are making a tour of the United States. Yesterday afternoon they visited the Treasury and were shown through the basement where the maceator is located, and the Treasury's safe, and the guide and, pointing to the big steam pipes, asked whether they were used for the purpose of transporting money through the building and into the Treasury.

Thomas Thompson, who had charge of the visitors while they were at the Treasury, says he can tell a foreigner as soon as he enters the Treasury. He says that Mr. Thompson said, "they are so pleasant, much more so than American visitors. Yes, most foreign visitors speak English, but also a few are disappointed with the sights of the Treasury."

L. P. Mitchell, Assistant Comptroller of the Treasury, is considered by many the ablest attorney that ever expounded the law as enacted by Congress. He is a man of middle age, clear-cut features, and has the typical lawyer's expression of countenance. He is a plain, unassuming gentleman, and always ready to enlighten those who come to him with questions. His briefs and opinions are concise and clear, and are models of legal reasoning and phraseology. He and Mr. Tracwell, the Controller of the Treasury, are great friends and daily take their lunch together at a modest restaurant in the neighborhood of the Treasury.

Captain Brooks, Superintendent of Foreign Mails, is a good story-teller, and very fond of a good yarn himself. He has been